Volume IX Chicago, Ill., August, 1932 Number 5

The Liberalist

Three Golden Gates

If you are tempted to reveal a tale someone has told to you about another, make it pass, before you speak, three gates of gold. Three narrow gates, first, "Is it true?" Then, "Is it needful?" In your mind give truthful answer, and the next is last and narrowest, "Is it kind?" And if to reach your lips at last it passes through these gateways three, then you may tell, nor ever fear what the result of speech may be. Anon.

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Preston Bradley ..... **Editor**

Grace Thayer Bradley ..... **Associate Editor**

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MEDITATION

"Infinite and everlasting Heart, on this day, hallowed and sacred, we cannot find it within our desires or wishes to spend it idly in pleasure or in mere excitement. We feel that the demands of this day are such that we must pause in the midst of a world like this and look back across the years to that great galaxy of youth that marched out in the tragedy of war. It is Youth that we see today, our own Youth, the Youth of yesteryear, captured by the romance of war, by the glitter and glint, by the enthusiasm and excitement, and then—reality. Youth died, and it is those dead that we honor in the sacredness of this moment today.

Infinite and everlasting Heart, watching over the battlements of infinity, all nations, all races, all creeds, all faiths, and there is one great moment of unity, and that is the universality of our grief for the ones we have lost. Tender and everlasting Love, where we cannot see, wilt thou be vision; what our little minds cannot fathom, wilt thou be divine intelligence; when our human hearts are aching and broken, grief about us everywhere, suffering, sadness, sickness and sorrow. We have lost, O, so deeply, during the past week. We have stood by the side of those whose hearts broke, and now, today, a nation is in tears, and all over this broad land little groups of families and relatives are going to little hillside cemeteries everywhere planting flowers upon sacred soil.

We would ask that we might have today, in this church which we love, a perfect service of memory. We see them. We hear them. They were so tall and so strong and so fine. There was laughter in their faces, joy in their hearts, YOUTH! and now it is just memory and garlands and flowers.

O, we are not asking why, we are just being human today honoring our dead. Wilt thou bless every hero, known and unknown, today. We realize that some of the greatest heroes were unknown heroes. We would speak today for the unknown and the forgotten heroes, and as our greatest tribute to all who have died in the service of their country, may we here and now, we who love, dedicate, consecrate upon this altar all we have, and all we are, that the ideals of our country shall not be twisted and prostituted by selfishness and greed but that we shall, in the battlements of peace, enlist to bring happiness, prosperity, love and courage to the hearts of our beloved countrymen.

This is our prayer, and if we make this prayer work, we shall pay today a perfect tribute."

"WHO ARE THE TRUE PATRIOTS"

Sermon by Dr. Preston Bradley, Pastor of The Peoples Church of Chicago, May 29, 1932

"Memorial Sunday again. After one has stood as many years as I have in this pulpit and has spoken on as many different occasions with a similar theme, the ceaseless and endless swinging of the years brings back again this day to us with perhaps a greater challenge than any we have had in the past.

It is because I feel very deeply that challenge that I approach the subject this morning somewhat hesitatingly, because of all things I have no desire to add confusion to that already confused and somewhat chaotic contemporary thinking, and certainly that confused and disturbed life round about us.

I cannot help but make the contrast of other Memorial Sundays in this church. Captain Cummings will remember them. I remember when we used to have 500 members of the Grand Army of the Republic at a service inthis church; today there are only 153 members of the Grand Army of the Republic in all Chicago. Last Sunday afternoon I gave the Memorial address at the monument in Forest Home Cemetery for the Columbia Post of the Grand Army of the Republic. I have been there seven or eight years in succession. The Post that had 150 men at one time and every man was a picked man. It was one of the most exclusive and aristocratic Posts in the entire Grand Army of the Republic organization. At one of the great encampments held in the city of Washington, a parade of the G. A. R. took place that took eight hours to pass the reviewing stand of the President. It took eight hours for that parade to pass one point, and a lady standing near by was waxing quite eloquent in her description of the spirit and tempo of those men of the Grand Army, when someone at her side said to her: "You have spoken a great deal now about what you have seen, but just you wait until Columbia Post marches by!" Last Sunday afternoon I stood at the Columbia Post Lot in Forest Home Cemetery, and two men are all that is left of Columbia Post.

Memorial Day is, very properly and exclusively always, the property of this Grand Army of the Republic, and now that their ranks are thinning so rapidly and so completely, the boys of my generation, the Spanish-American War boys. — they were the ones that I knew long before some of you youngsters of the American Legion were even thought of,—but those days the Spanish War Veterans carried on with the G. A. R. Now the ranks of the Spanish-American War Veterans are thinning and some of the boys of the American Legion are getting bald and fat, and when you look at them, as you will see them presently in this service, a great group of two or three Posts, you will realize that it will not be very long until all of us will have to "Go West."

The question that I want to ask on a Memorial occasion, and one that always ought to be asked, for the object of an anniversary is not merely to affirm a past, we are not here to affirm the past of the United States of America, no one need have any worry about that. I think that the most keenly minded surgeon of history that subsequent scholarship will produce will be able

to go into the laboratory of historical research and with his finely trained mind and his splendid qualities of balance and adjustment, he will find that up to this point, in spite of all our mistakes and failures, up to this point of the history of the American Republic we have handled ourselves with credit and distinction. I do not think that there will be any great complete condemnatory act possible against much of this past. But when we review the history of our past wars, which always suggests itself on occasions of this character, with the possible exception of the Mexican War—I always believed that the war of 1812 could have been avoided—in the study which I have made of American history, I have never been able to find a way out for the Revolutionary War. It does seem to me that that war, from what we know about things now, could have been avoided. The war of 1812 certainly could have been avoided. The Mexican War had some very suspicious attitudes; it ought to have been avoided. There are historians who are not at all dogmatic about the necessity of the Civil War. Mr. Lincoln himself, you know. had a plan whereby all the slaves could be purchased by a bond issue by the Federal Government, then a question of confiscation would not have arisen demanding constitutional attention on the part of the Supreme Court of the United States.

In the discussion of these past things it is really not our concern of the moment. Personally, I think the great war could have been avoided and was one of the most colossal mistakes that mankind has ever made. It was the outstanding butchery of civilization. During those three or four days, — I was in Europe at the time, I was there at the mobilization of the first French army, the first battle of the Marne and at the time Earl Gray, representing England, and the departments of the continent, were face to face with the attitude of Germany through Belgium, with the collapse of the Fort of Namur, there were hours when that war, if not avoided, could have been honorably stopped without killing eleven million picked young men of the world.

Look at the other tragedies of national scope that lacked a competent leadership at the time! Great leadership was needed in European diplomacy. Men lost their reason and went mad! That belongs to the past. Here I distinguish between homage to war makers and the devotion and loyalty which I feel to war fighters. There's a difference. Soldiers, and the men who fight wars, do not think, nor is it their business to think of the reason why. If they did, there would be mutiny. It is not the business of the military to decide issues or fathom causes. It is the business of the soldier and the sailor, when his country is at war, to honorably discharge his duties, and what I honor in a Memorial service is the discharge of duty. I make no tribute, and I pay no homage to men, or the nations, that put you into war.

That, I think, characterizes and distinguishes and leads me up to my conclusion which I shall rapidly make today on this subject of patriotism, for unquestionably, identified with the memory of our soldier and sailor dead, is this whole question of patriotism. What is a patriot? Who are the patriots? How many kinds of patriotism are there? What can we expect from patriotism to help us solve our problems?

Well, there are so many kinds of patriots that I could not mention them all this morning. We had some during the war $1 a year men at Hog Island. We

had some great patriots in some of the great industries. They were very patriotic. Then there is the patriot who puts a chip on his shoulder, closes his eyes and struts out into the world and says: "We can whip the world!" Then there's the kind of patriot who has this attitude, he believes that it is not the right of a free citizen in a free country where every citizen is a sovereign and no one dares to wear a crown, that his patriotism consists entirely in refusing to acknowledge or criticize anything connected with his government or those who are in authority because of a sacerdotalism that is associated with those in authority; the type of patriot who refuses to utter one word of criticism against constituted authority. It is when authority is carefully balanced by critical analysis that results in sufficient pressure to stop abuse. Unrestricted and unregulated authority means tyranny! America fought against tyranny and for those who were tyrannized, and the right of free, honorable, constructive and necessary criticism against a government, or representatives of that government who are wrong and who are working and operating against the common good. That is the very stuff out of which true Americans are made!

Then there's the kind and type of patriot, and this is the kind of a patriot that I am trying to be and that I want to be, and I do it because of my respect and the homage and the loyalty which I feel today to the boys who paid that "last full measure of devotion" in this institution called "War." What did they tell you you were fighting for, you men of the Legion? They told you, and they told me, that we were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. That's what they told us. They told you that. didn't they? And under all the excitement and the glory of the marching and the hell of the the thing and the mud of Brest and all the rest of it, they told you that it was to make the world a safe place for democracy. Well, look at it! Look it over, and then ask your comrades that you left in France, whose bones are becoming bleached white today by poppy roots in Flanders. "What about it?" I gave the address of welcome when the first contingent of the Blackhawk Division returned. We met them at the 12th Street Depot and an address was given under the auspices of the Chicago Rotary Club. The streets were lined with thousands of people, everybody was on the mountain top and THE BOYS WERE HOME! Some of those boys are marching toward Washington today without cheering. I bought an apple yesterday on Michigan and Randolph from a veteran. Some of these boys have been without work. Come with me to the hospitals in some of my visits and I will show you some more of them over at Hines. And every time I raise my voice in behalf of these matters—I can't help it if they criticize me, there is something inside of me that will not let me be silent. I never felt more deeply in my life than I feel what I am saying now.

America must be saved again! The price you paid was not enough; it didn't work and we must be saved again. They told us that war was necessary. There are several European philosophers who actually believe and who are now promulgating the theory that war is again necessary for Europe and the world.

But there is one thing that I want to bring out in my sermon in memory of our sacred dead, that we must find—and please weigh these words carefully, I want every listener to please be fair with me, I choose these

words carefully. You know the psychological conditions of war. We know that there are certain equivalents, moral equivalents, that are necessary in peace that we must discover that will do for us what war did for us. Do you see what I mean? WE HAVE GOT TO FIND A MORAL EQUIVALENT FOR WAR! The modern world must find a moral equivalent for wars!

Do I make myself plain so that you know what I mean? I'll tell you what I mean. What did we do in that war? We had meatless days, those who did not wheat, sugarless days, and we bought Liberty bonds, didn't we. $286,000. worth of these bonds I sold from this pulpit and they gave me a banner for selling more Liberty bonds during the war than any other church in the City of Chicago, and we had 176 boys from this church under arms in that war! Don't let anyone impugn my patriotism, or that of the church—I am on solid ground! The record of this church and the boys of this church who were in that war is almost as good as some of the people that I know who are criticizing it today, when you compare records.

The basis of what I am going to say, what I mean to say now is: When America was in the the war, we just made a business of that war, didn't we? We went to work to win it, and when General Pershing landed in Paris and marched down the Champs Elyses to the Arc de Triomphe at the head of the first contingent of the Rianbow Division, the little lads shouted: "Now, my papa will come home for the Americans have come!" That's what they did. And back home here we went to work to win the war and we sacrificed, and the women got together and sewed and made bandages. Then the boys came back and every theater opened its doors to the boys in uniform. Uniforms were passports! The boy that is 25 years old today, 10, 12 and 15 years ago was just a youngster, was he not? He may have forgotten, if he ever knew, but some of us know, and we know that America had a War Council Board, and an Economic Board, and we took the brains of American business and the brains of American finance and we went to the task of winning the war. We organized, we made it our business! We had nothing else, at the moment, to do, and in spite of all the mistakes we made. America did a good job.

Now we have got another war. it is a war against poverty, it is a war against depression, all of this terrible tragedy of our modern life. My point is that the true patriots of America are the ones who today will organize like we organized back yonder in another war and get down to the business of solving this present war instead of tying it up with petty politics in Washington and factional fights in America. America will win this other war as well!

I am getting a little tired of all this "pussyfooting" business in trying to settle these problems. I am getting a little weary of it. Now I see that gradually something bobs up every few days of something that we have been pounding away at for two years trying to get people to do. Just think of it, after two years of this situation somebody begins to awaken to the fact that the molding of public opinion may be important! After two years! Where has the leadership of America been that this thing should get into the situation that it is? It is astounding!

That's what I mean by the moral equivalent of war. Would you have a great peace? That's the only way to solve our problems. Do you think that war is

the only thing that calls for courage? Why, my friends, the battlements of peace call for just as much courage as the battlements of war! Young men of today, don't you know that it would mean just as much to the future security of America and American institutions and American ideals for you to enlist in the Army of Peace and economic justice and righteousness for Americans as it would to enlist in any war? Why, that's the thing that will solve America's problems! We don't need any Russians to help us; we don't need a Mussolini; we don't need any foreign system. GIVE AMERICAN DEMOCRACY A CHANCE! Don't blame American governmental ideals in a Constitution and a Declaration of Independence for the defective men who have been running the machine! BLAME THE MACHINIST, NOT THE MACHINE! The machine has not had a real good test yet! We have never been able, in the last 25 years, to get the right kind of machinists running this machine! HOLD ON! That's my tribute to my dead today, HOLD ON! Don't condemn us just yet, wait a little longer!

What a challenge for America! What a challenge! I like it. I like this challenge. Sometimes I wish I had the physical strength, which I have not at the end of this winter, for I should like to stay right in this pulpit all summer long. I sometimes feel that I should. Now's the chance! Never had such a chance in my life as today! What a glorious time to live, hanging on!

I went into a very fine establishment on the North Shore to see a man. It was a beautiful big establishment, honorable and legitimate and a necessary business. He took me into his office and took a picture of his father and below it was an inscription in bronze "This business was founded . . . . in 1881"—this was a son of whom I am speaking, and he said to me: "Doctor Bradley, do you think it is only to be a question of a month or two and it is gone, my father's business that I have taken pride in building. I don't know how I am going to save it. I cannot get credit. I cannot get loans." I have been saying it for nearly two years, and I keep on saying it, that if the financiers of American finance do not develop a sufficient understanding to bring about the technique whereby credit can be made liquid in these United States, then some of these days Congress will declare a moratorium! When are these financiers going to awaken to the necessity of maintaining liquid credit? It is going to be done, it is elementally essential that for which I am pleading. This man looked at me and I said to myself: "There goes an illustration for the sermon!" I don't get them out of books, I get them out of life, and every sermon is a Book of Life. And I said to myself: "There's another illustration for the sermon Sunday morning." Do you know what that young man said, who had been in business all these years? "If I lose it, I will begin all over again in the memory of my father." and then he stood up, threw out his chin, squared his shoulders and he said: "Dr. Bradley there are two things that they cannot take away from me. One of them is my reputation and the other is my ability, and I still have them." Do you think that young man is going to weather the panic and depression? He is. He is going to win it.

Now it is time for us, all of us, to take that attitude, face the thing and hang on, and we'll get out of it! A man just yesterday came home from work. His wife saw him coming and said:

"What's the matter, John?" He came in with his hands in his pockets, shoulders sagging, sauntered into the house, sat down in a chair, and his wife said: "What is the matter, John?" "O," he said, "the worst has happened, just before closing time today the boss called me into the office and gave me the business."

He serves his country best who lives a pure life and doeth righteous deeds and walks straight paths however others stray and leaves his son his utmost bequest, a stainless record which all men may read. This is the better way.

No drop but served the slowly lifting tide,
No dew but has an errand to some flower
No smallest star but sheds some helpful ray
And man by man, each helping all the rest
Make the firm bulwark of the country's path
This is the better way, and this is the
Way of true patriotism."

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

From all accounts and sayings the picnic at Lincoln Park was a great success! There were seventy-two present and that is a splendid number for an August picnic, when many are apt to be away. Everyone was happy to see everybody else, so much so that it was decided then and there by a vote taken, to have a card party August 18th and Mrs. Sollitt offered her home for the affair. This too, proved a very happy occasion, and the 18th of August also being Dr. Bradley's natal day, a telegram of congratulations and best wishes was sent him by those gathered at Mrs. Sollitt's house.

Our philanthropic work has not been neglected during the vacation time. Among other things we have sewed for the school children during the summer. Mrs. Castle of the North Shore Relief had the little dresses cut out and sent to our president Mrs. Hermsdorf, who gave them to willing hands among our members. Thanks to them many little girls will start to school this fall neatly dressed.

The "Home Coming Luncheon" which will open the Clubs calendar for the season, will be held at the Copeland Hotel. It is hoped that a large number will attend. Dr. and Mrs. Bradley will be guests of honor, and Dr. Bradley will make the chief address. A splendid program has been arranged by the committee in charge.

I BELIEVE—A STUDENT'S CREDO

"I believe," writes Louis L. Wilson, a Cornell student, in "The Intercollegian," "in life and growth, in the joys of a healthy body ond the zest of an active mind."

"I believe in the sacredness of life, in the call to live physically and mentally at my best and to help others do the same. I believe in the founding of happy homes and the rearing of healthy children.

"I believe in the right to think freely and to explore the most hidden mysteries of life and thought and faith. I believe also in the duty to think clearly and carefully and reverently, remembering the Power which has created mind and which undergirds all the laws of the universe.

"I believe in the facts of inner experience as well as those of objective reality. I believe in love and beauty, in faith and honours, in duty and in truth. I believe also in wonder and in poetry.

"I believe in the heritage of the past, in science and government, in art and in religion. I

believe in the challenge of the present and the promise of the future.

"I believe in the possibilities for the good life which are within myself and within all my fellow-men regardless of race or creed or colour. I believe in the coming of the co-operative commonwealth of all mankind.

"I believe in the power of an intelligently directed spirit of creative love to overcome all the forces of ignorance, greed, fear, and hatred which keep men from realizing their potential brotherhood.

"I believe that the sacrificial exercise of such a love is the highest expression of manhood and womanhood, and that its truest interpretation is to be found in the life and teachings of Jesus. To His way of life I dedicate my own, even to death itself."

LIFE, THE TITAN

The things that Beauty builds, you say, must die:
Fresh April dawns, the friendly Junetime bowers,
And all the Summer glory of the flowers;
The feast of color Autumn yields the eye;
The hopes of youth, strong manhood's panoply
Of dreams and deeds, and memories of age—
Are these, then golden-wrought life's bright page
To be forever blotted, with a sigh?
Perhaps! Yet Life's a strong and jealous lord,
And holds forth mightily o'er savage Death.
He wields a stern, uncompromising sword
Above the things of earth. No phantom breath
Is Life! A Titan, ancient as the sky,
Guards all our dreams, and will not let them die!

Thomas Curtis Clark.

HEAVEN'S TOUCH

We need more people like those who go through life like a band of music goes down the street, flinging gay bugle notes of joy on every side for all to hear. Are you like one of those?

God bless whoever
Plants a rose by his gate,
Making the roadway sweet
For those who walk by fate.

God bless whoever
Builds a house with friendly door,
And wide stairway, and cheer implore
To guests who have no houses,
And no lore.

God bless, and bless again,
Whoever with a smile
Lights a golden highway
On the lonely mile.

—Isabelle Bellman,
in "Speakers Library Mag."

"Let's all be hopeful and optimistic. There is nothing like carrying around a lot of smiles. Nobody has ever been able to estimate the market value of a smile. And we should all be cheer leaders in the rising tide of a new economic and civic era." Excerpt from a letter from our friend W. M. Stickney.

A SUMMER PRAYER

We thank Thee, O Lord, for all the things that are out of doors; for the fresh air and the open sky and the growing grass and the tiny flowers and the setting sun and the wooded hill and the brown earth beneath our feet. They are all good and they all speak the truth, and we rest ourselves and get new strength to go back to the world of restless men. Keep us ever like thy good world, rugged and whole and true.—Outdoor Prayers.

—Dartmouth Outing Club.

THE FIVE SOULS

This poem has attracted world-wide attention as expressing the inner conscience of the hordes in the world conflict. The origin of this impressive verse is accredited to W. N. Ewer, but was found in an old magazine and submitted to "The Christian-Evangelist" of St. Louis, Mo., by R. E. Kinsell of Valley Junction, Kansas. And with it this message: "I am not ashamed of being a pacifist."

First Soul:

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Second Soul:

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear,
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Third Soul:

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fourth Soul:

I owned a vieyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose.
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine,
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

Fifth Soul:

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid: I joined the ranks, and died.
I gave my life for freedom—This I know;
For those who bade me fight had told me so.

HIBERNATION

Summer with its lucid days, bewitching sunsets and limpid nights has passed. The hum of insects, the whir of birds' wings and the sighing of leafy boughs is stilled. Flowery galaxies have vanished, leaving behind mute reminders of the splendor that once was theirs. Tall trees, little bushes, tiny shrubs with whitened crowns stand like kings shorn of their glory. The children of forest, field and stream seem drugged by some unearthly nectar. Fields once billowing with waving grain are silent, austere. What means this pageantry of death? Has some giant hand paralyzed the earth? Not so! It is the season of rest, of inner building, when unseen laborers in Nature's laboratory are at work making over waste, correcting mistakes, recording gains and writing another scene in the great drama of unfolding Life.

In human life it is not otherwise. We, too, need a winter of quietness and rest when our budding hopes and flowering plans have faded. Streams cannot flow forever. There are times when they must be lived up a-

mong the clouds to be purified and refined that they may come down to earth again to refresh what is parched and withered. Blessed therefore, is that life which knows how to understand and use the season of hibernation when it comes. Nevermore does it mean defeat and death, but new life, increased strength and latent victory!

Argow.

GUEST

Five questions still the risen Jesus asks,
In intimate concern
For his friends' joyance; urgence for his tasks;
Longing that each discern
The Christ in him, the Man of Galilee:—
Ever the yearning, searching "Lovest thou Me?"
"Why weepest thou?" "Of what talk ye?"
"Ought not Christ to have suffered?" And replete
With old-time tenderness, hear him repeat
(Who but He!): "Children, have ye any meat?"

Rosemary Kerns.

After all, what do we ask of life here or indeed hereafter, but leave to serve, to live, to commune with our fellowmen and with ourselves; and from the lap of earth to look up into the face of God? All these gifts are mine as I sit by the winding white road and serve the footsteps of my fellows. There is no room in my life for avarice or anxiety. I who serve at the altar, live of the altar: I lack nothing but have nothing over.

—The Road Mender.

It is the moral and spiritual inspirations of a nation more than its material progress which will determine its destiny.

—President Hoover.

TO AN EDITOR

When I have taught my pen to be discreet
In tracing words and fitting them with care,
I will write a poem like a field of wheat,
With splashes of red poppies here and there;

And cumulated clouds, to cast their shade
Upon the scene; then I will coax a breeze
To sweep across the rime, till it has made
The yellow wheat wave like the summer seas.

When simple words flow gently from my pen,
Into sweet measures cadent and complete,
And leave a picture—I will offer then
A poem, lovely as a field of wheat.

Mary Florence Richardson.

GOD-MEN

Surely no aspect of our mortal life is more tremendous than the fact we are revealers and ministers of God to our fellows. When we obey the truth as it is given us to see it, we let God into the kingdom of Man. When we disobey it, we shut Him out, or delay His advent. Evermore His spirit is seeking incarnation in the pathetic life of man. He needs our minds to think His truth, our voices to tell it, our hands to do it, our lives to live it—pure minds, sweet voices, clean hands, sincere life—these are the instruments of God! There are lives in this city whom to know is like a prayer. By lives of loyalty and honor, of deep humility and victorious faith, they make God real and eloquent to us. Others have ascended from our streets, the thought of whom makes the un-

een world homelike and near ince they have entered there. le renders his highest service to is city and his race who lives a aithful life, pure and single-earted, tender, heroic and sin-ere.

"God can never stand alloof
In reproach, denial, reproof;
God is under every ban,
God is part of every man."

—Argow.

HERE HAVE BEEN OTHER DEPRESSIONS!

America has beaten nineteen najor depressions, an economist points out. In 1893 stark ruin talked through the land. One hundred and sixty-seven banks failed in a few months. Mills, furnaces and factories shut down everywhere. Bankruptcy was on every hand. America had twice as many unemployed per thousand population as she has today. But she put them all back to work.

In 1907 panic broke loose. The production of pig iron dropped 50 per cent in less than a year. All but the strongest men lost heart—"We are ruined," they said, "recovery cannot come in our time." Yet in two years prosperity had returned.

In 1921, when many honest and thoughtful people were predicting worse conditions, the country was already beginning to climb to the greatest era of prosperity it had ever experienced.

In 1893 (which was but 39 years ago), over 150 railroads went bankrupt.

In 1857, soldiers guarded the National Treasury against raids.

In 1837, most of the factories on the Eastern seaboard were closed, and $5,000 farms could be purchased for less than $250.

In 1812, we hardly knew whether we had a home, a country or a life to live.

So why worry this year. The ghosts of our ancestors must smile at our fancied calamities.

Start circulating a few dollars by giving someone a job digging your soil, fixing your barn, or papering your front bedroom. You'll be surprised how much pep these circulating dollars will put into our run-down motor.

History tells how America has fought and beaten 19 major depressions. Good times always follow hard times, as surely as day follows night. Prosperity always comes back. It is coming back this time too!

(Adapted).

TUNE IN

The world is a truly bright and cheerful place, once you get close enough to its life to understand it. A dear old lady who for the first time heard the music come riding through the air over the radio, listened with rapt and shining face, then drew a long sigh and murmured: "To think of it! All that lovely music lying about in the air and we not knowing enough to tune in and catch it! I wonder how much of beauty we are losing?"

It is wrong that we should be strangers in our own house, strangers to each other, strangers to the beauty of people, of hills and sky and sea; that we should, in our ignorance and fear, shut out the harmonies that dwell in work and play, in everyday living.

A great artist lived close neighbor to you many years, but because you were shy, you lost him. His song passed unheeded. High on a hill behind your barn the arbutus blooms under wreaths of melting snow, a fairy vision every springtime, but you have never gone there to greet it. Its harmonies passed you by. A gay little lad waves his hand to you as you pass his gate every morning. He shouts a gay salute. He coaxes you to stop and play, but you have never

found the courage to open the gate that separates you from him. You have lost his song—and the songs of childhood are such precious songs.

It is sad that with all this color and sound about you, all the merry children and brave men and high-hearted women, all the nobility of life and living, that you have never attuned your spirit to catch the music. You have chosen to remain apart, a stranger to much that renders the world lovely and livable.

The message of good will, good health, good days fairly aches to be delivered into your ears. Take heart and grace and strength and come out to play boldly. Know that the chill of dread that robbed your lips of their smile and your ears of the light of joy, the clutch that well-nigh strangled your spirit and securely fettered your tongue, is your neighbor's old familiar fear.

Every singer, story-teller, gardener, tramp, whoever it be who halts before your door to share his precious bit of beauty, has trodden upon his own doubt and timidity. He mounted his fears that he might, for an instant, enjoy the warmth of your genial appreciation and understanding. Welcome him. Tune in.

Life is ever a mystery. He who would master its first secret must listen to the heart-beat of the world and know its sorrow and its joy for his own.—Adapted from Angelo Patri.

HOW YOUNG ARE YOU?

The twenties are the moulding years, when the young person forms those habits that shall direct his career. Then he finishes his school work, stands before the altar, establishes a home, and looks the world in the face.

The thirties are the years of discouragement. It is a hard and trying time for all. It is a time of battle without the poetry and dream of youth.

The forties are the years of ... sion, when a man finds himse... finishes his castles in the a... and knows the value of h... dreams.

Life comes to its ripening ... the fifties. These should be t... years of jubilee, and a m... should do his best work then.

At sixty a man has committ... enough mistakes to make h... wise far above his juniors. ... should live better and do bet... work than in any decade of l... life. No man has a right to ... tire in the sixties; the world h... need of his wisdom.

Some of the best work in t... world is done in the sevent... and eighties. No one has a rig... to retire at **any** age, unless ... ihse st odiwSHRDLUU HRDL... wishes to die.—Robert George ... "Merchantman Lighthouse."

ALONG THE WAY

There are laws that preve... me, an individual, from shooti... the children of a man who h... insulted me, or stolen my car, ... poisoned my dog. If I kill the... I am a murderer. But if a ... tion is insulted by another ... tion, or if its oil fields are tak... away, or its trade interfered w... too much, it can declare what ... called war, kill and burn and ... stroy what it pleases, and th... who take part in that vengea... are hailed as heroes.

—Thomas Dreier

MY LAMP

But when the shadows of th...
night begin,
And sifted sunlight falls n...
more on me,
May I have learned to light ...
lamp within;
So that the passing world m...
look and see
Still the same radiance, thou...
with paler hue,
Of the sweet lives that help m...
to live true.

—Abbie Farwell Brown

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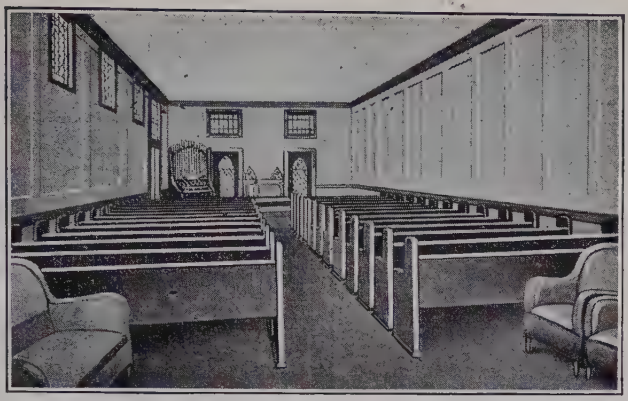

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